Volume X Chicago, Ill., March, 1933 Number 12

The Liberalist

IT'S SPRING

Poet, sing me a song today!
But the world grows old and my hair is grey.
Ah, no! there are birds on the lilac bushes
And a snow-drop out of the wet earth pushes.
Two chattering robins are planning a marriage!
And see! there's a baby all pink in its carriage!
And the sun is wiping the clouds from his brow,
And who can look back when it's alway now?

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

CHICAGO

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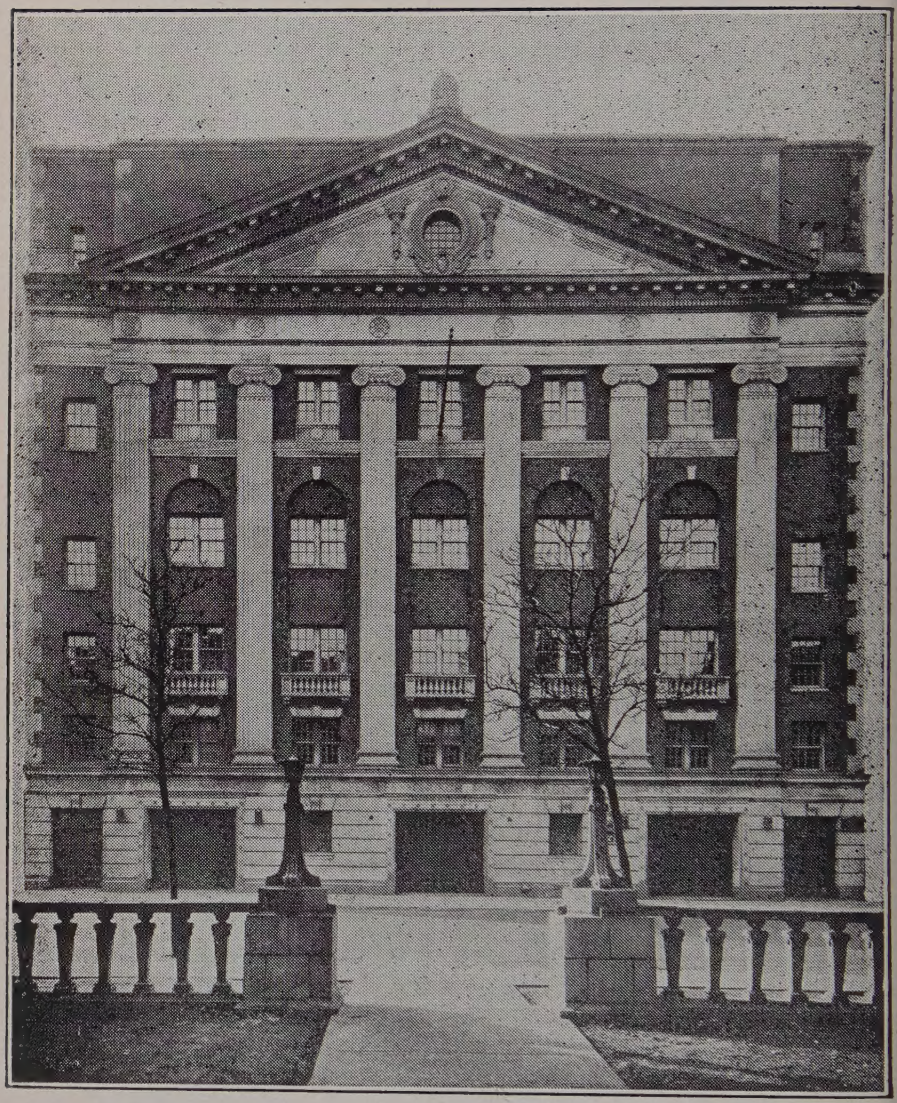

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO AT
941 LAWRENCE AVENUE. Near Sheridan Road.

THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume IX Chicago, Ill., March, 1933 Number 12

MEDITATION

May nothing interfere with our pilgrimage this morning in our efforts to find reality. We are very grateful for the universe, we are very grateful for this beautiful morning, grateful for the glory of the sun light already tinged with that warmth predicated in the coming of the springtime. We are grateful for all the beauty that surrounds us, for the beauty of the universe in which we live and for the beauty of friendship, for the beauty of loved ones and the sanctities of homes and hearthstones.

Infinite, eternal and everlasting Heart, wilt thou reveal, through the humility of this heart, something that shall be of imperishable value to all who are here and everyone listening. May we garner up all the problems of life, all the difficulties, all the chaos and in one beautiful genuflection of love may we kneel before the presence of thy great heart. May we have patience to abide the ultimate working out of any plan for us and our world.

Infinite Love, take every individual difficulty in every heart in this church today, and all those out there that we shall never see and never know, and may they find that great strength, that great power, that permanent beauty which comes with all of the harmonic relationships with Thee. Give us intellectual discernment; may we cultivate emotional balance and as we face the problems of life may we face them with the certainty that we are performing our tasks well and that we are living up to the very highest and the very best that we know.

Look down upon us in our darkness, in our anxiety, in our incapacity and may every heart this morning that has lost loved ones, everyone racked by pain or illness, every heart that has known difficulty and trouble, frustration of hopes, whatever it is that is demoralizing human life, may this service bring something of beauty, something of distinction to every life. May we walk out this morning in the garden of God and may we find there, in our quiet stroll together in the midst of all that loveliness, the companion heart, and may that companion heart, heart of our heart, struggling with us, working dreaming hoping, may the sustenance of that companionship be that which will sustain us in every hour of trial.

Bless our nation, bless all in authority, bless all who are honestly trying to lead and direct, look with favor upon the efforts of men, and make for symmetry, order, prosperity, and most of all, peace."

"WHY DOESN'T GOD DO SOMETHING?"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, March 12th, 1933

"The subject which I have chosen for discussion with you this morning is one which, to me, is so overpowering, overwhelming almost, in its magnitude that the very best which I might be able to do with it impresses me as being wholly and totally beneath what you have a right to expect.

I was talking, the other day, with one of the leading clergymen of this city, a man who occupies a very central position in our city in the field of religion, and we were discussing our respective themes that we were talking about during the Lenten time, and I said to him: 'What are you talking about?' He said: 'Well, I am going to discuss, in my morning sermons, some aspects of a question that was suggested to me by my own members. I conducted a survey of the members of my church and asked them, during the Lenten season what themes they would like to hear treated from the pulpit, and you might be interested to know," he said to me, 'that the people of my church, over 85 per cent of them who expressed an opinion, asked me to discuss some question involved with the thought of God.'

That was very significant to me, as I am sure it was to him, and it started me thinking about my responsibilities during this season of the church year where we ought to give a great deal of time to a study and an experiencing of those great religious values that give significance to life. I wanted to approach the problem this morning as I now ask it, in the form of a question, because I have heard it so often these past days, in fact I hear it more frequently than I think any of you realize. It is a question that one only hears in an emergency. When life is treating us all with distinction and things are moving for us fairly easily, most of us, by temperament and by nature, do not even express gratitude, let alone possessing a sense of dependability, but we go along in our own little ways living our own lives, and as long as there is a sun in the sky, and as long as there are stars and moonlight at night, as long as the larder is filled, as long as we have food and clothing, as long as we are filled with the thrill and flush of success, this whole question never enters into our minds. So it is a question which is involved with an extremity and with an emergency — "Why doesn't God do something?"

We don't ask that question when we are experiencing all the glory of victory, or when we are on the mountain peaks of achievement, we only ask it when life has broken us, we only ask it when the world is in chaos, we only ask it in the presence of famine and earthquakes and pestilence, we only ask it when we feel the disintegration of our own lives and see falling about us the things to which we have given our lives broken and scattered by the tragedy of failure. Then, suddenly, out of this experience, we cry, sometimes in judgment, sometimes in vindictiveness, sometimes in cynicism, sometimes in vengeance, but whatever motivates the question, we cry 'Why doesn't God do something!'

In the midst of our own wreckage, largely superinduced by the fact that we have been out of harmony with the very fundamental values involved by the word 'God,' out of our own personal disasters, with failure and

ruin swamping through our souls, then we arise, in the petty insignificance of our own egotism, and we attempt to place the responsibility for the disaster, and attempt to localize the reason by an extraneous condemnation of something that men have learned to call 'God.'

Only yesterday, coming home from the loop on a bus, did I hear two women back of me discussing the question of the California earthquake, and with that frightful evidence of a lack of understanding and a depth of ignorance which is always stark tragedy, one woman said to the other by way of explanation, that God is certainly getting in his work on this world, for he is striking men down in public life, the chains of war are clanging in every capital of the world, California has been stricken by a succession of earth tremors which have brought destruction in their wake, 'I wonder where he will strike next?' she said. As she philosophized I could detect the theological background. 'Mankind is going to awaken soon to the fact that God is running this world and that God is going to demonstrate by his power that he is at the helm and that this universe is still in his hands,' she concluded.

Only due to the fact that I always try to be a gentleman and practice the social amenities, prevented me from turning and introducing myself and entering into the conversation, because I do not think that I ever wanted to take part in a conversation as I did in that instance, and when you have my racial background, you find how difficult it is to avoid an argument, especially when there are such valid reasons for entering into it. I tried to be more than a gentleman, I kept my counsel to myself, knowing the while that any individual who offers counsel usually begins at a tremendous disadvantage, for what most people want, in this world, is not advice or counsel, they want their own vanities to be undisputed and they want to feel that their point of view is the only valid one, and if you dare interfere in the equilibrium of their own self satisfaction, you are paving the way for an unlovely experience. I know enough about life to know that that is true, so I kept out of the conversation. Nevertheless I did want to say something, and perhaps the basis of what I have in mind this morning will be largely what I might have said to that woman.

Why doesn't God do something? If he does not, or if he is doing something, when we look out on this world right now, out into the entire structure of modern life, if God is doing something, pray tell me how can any logic justify what he is doing, if God is responsible for anything which is being done? That's the question which I want to submit to you, and in the confines of a limited morning I want to give my own reactions to it.

In the first place, it is always evidence of a very shoddy mind, no matter what your religious loyalties might be, not to recognize that the advance of science has compelled a complete re-organization of all theological opinions. The reason why I use the word 'God' very sparingly, and it has been commented upon by some of my radio friends and even some of our own church people, they say that Doctor Bradley does not very often use the word 'God' and because I do not use the word 'God' it has gone abroad that my philosophy of religion approximates the attitude of denial, which, of course, is absolutely unfair and untrue. I do not use the word 'God' not because of what the word means to me, because it means something very definite to me, but I do not use it flippantly and often, tripping upon the lips, as Shakespeare tells us words are some-

times used. I attempt only to use the word when I can use it consonant to what it means to my own experience and individual development thus far, and if I used the word 'God' very frequently you will find that it is associated in those hearts and minds with the anthropomorphic conception of God, which belongs not only to a prescientific period in the development of the human intelligence, but also on a prehistoric period, for before man was writing his history or accomplishing what is known as his own expansion, man had some form of a god conception, and the result of that form of god conception which flowered in Christian theology and Christian theism, saturated, as it was by the contact which it had with early Greece, Rome and Palestine in particular, an idea of God evolved in Christian philosophy which,to me, is not consonant with the very best intellectual development that it is possible for us to make.

Consequently, the word 'God' to me does not connotate anything that is implied in orthodox religion. I have no orthodox conception or phrases, and I am speaking kindly and with reserve, because it is not my mission ever to hurt or destroy the faith of another, but the orthodox conception of religion is absolutely foreign to any point of view which I now hold. Therefore, if I were to glibly reiterate in my church services, in my prayers or sermons this word 'God,' I am only going to do it at the expense of confusion and misunderstanding. Consequently I build as logically as I can this morning for you, my conception of God, in an effort to answer this question.

Science has brought us the ever enlarging areas of a new universe. No one can deny that, and the only individual who would deny it is an individual completely dominated by religious dogmatism and religous prejudices. Of course, dogmatism and prejudice, neither one, has any place in the intellectual technique of a first rate mind. Therefore, wherever you find dogmatism and bigotry you will always find them identified with inferiority of equipment in the intellectual processes. I do not know of a superior mind that has any time these days to validate the existence of a God in the sky. I do not know of any first rate mind these days who can spend any energy making authoritative a God shaped, moulded or formed in the image of man. I have completely eliminated it and it has brought me great peace and mental contentment when the victory was achieved, and it was a long drawn out difficult warfare to take out of those inherited attitudes and predispositions which were associated with the old idea of an angry, vengeful, mad God who sat somewhere upon a throne and who had strings from his cosmic fingers dangling to our little lives, here in a world like this, that God sat off yonder somewhere on the billowy banks of a cloud and watched this passing show, and when his fancy pleased him, pulled the string, and men called it fate and destiny, and then yonder this cosmic jester was laughing, laughing, laughing. I can only think of such a God convulsed with laughter that down upon this earth there would be human identities, individuals with dreams, with hopes, with love, with tears battling, struggling, working, praying, and all the time it was all futile, absurd and silly, for out there sat your God, a God that you called all powerful, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, and that extraneous institution called your God, permitted man in this world, to go on his relentless way until you would find, as the result of his lack of interference, civilization at the crossroad, government at the crisis, international adjustment more remote, un-

til you could find almost the threshold of an abyss that carries us all down to the bottomless pit of failure and defeat.

Science—and I thank my God this morning for it— science has completely and forever eradicated such a blighting, defeating attitude out of human thoughtfulness! That God is dead, and may his death be the resurrection of a new idea of God that is commensurate with the universe we are in and with the world of which we are a part. And so the old God and the half gods go, and with the ever widening areas of human understanding and the ever deepening processes of human experience we see a NEW IDEA OF GOD.

Do you note that I said a NEW IDEA and not a new God? We are not seeing a new God, a new God is not necessary, there isn't any new God. Whatever God is, that I mean by God, is an eternal thing and everlastingly permanent, a never diminishing reality, for the God which is very clear to me is the God of an integrating character and constantly at the task of unifying, beautifying and sublimating all the Cosmos. That, to me, is so satisfactory that if I could submit it to you, who are in an individual quandary and intellectual difficulty about God, you would find your pathway much easier and the obstacles much more easy to remove.

There are two things which I want to submit to you, and only two. First is this: No mind that conceives a God consonant with the best of modern science has a God that is the essential property of any particular religion or ecclesiastical group. No church has a mortgage on God, and no church is exclusively God's representative. No individual, whether he be priest, rabbi or protestant minister, has any more valid relationship wth God than the humblest soul in this church, or the humblest listener to these words. The new conception of God, based and validated by the necessity of experience, is the God ever accessible and always available to every human need, and it is unnecessary to put between you and your God any external agency of church, minister, rabbi or priest. God and you alone! GOD AND YOU ALONE! A new conception of that idea of God brings an opportunity for recovery to many a life and to many a broken spirit and to many a contrite heart.

Honest and valid science, and I mean by that the science not concerned with the outcome of facts, but which is only concerned with the discovery of facts, for the true scientist is never concerned with the result of his facts, he is always pre-eminently occupied with the discovery of facts. The real scientist is the man who is trying to discover facts and what you and I do with those facts will be our concern after they are discovered or revealed in the field of science.

One thing that science has done, and that to me does not detract from religion,—I am never worried at all about science and what it is going to do for religion,—but here is what it has done. To the thoroughly emancipated mind, one who accepts the results of the hypothesis of modern science, for much of it is hypothetical, please bear in mind that the ion, proton and electron are only accepted symbols by the scientist and not at all the last word in the realities of matter or energy, they are only, at the moment, symbols. But here is what science has done: **Science has completely divorced the finest expression of religion from superstition and fear!**

These two things are God to the emancipated mind, and any hope which is based upon appeasing an extraneous God by an act, or a sacrifice, or a gesture, has completely left the truly emancipated religionist.

Only yesterday, when studying for this address of the morning,

I came across an interesting story by Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, one of the great Christian philosophers of our modern thought world, and Dean Inge used the illustration of a certain ecclesiastical group down in Sicily, down there in the Mediterranean, who, when Mount Etna was sending out hot lava and destroying the cities, this group, led by their ecclesiastical representative, had a certain religious ceremony, and they went to the flowing lava of Mount Etna, and, in the name of their favoritism with their God, asked, in religious ceremony, that the hot flowing lava be diverted from their village and flow into another village that had not the similar protection of the faith which they, of their village, had. Dean Inge, in commenting upon that experience, said: 'It did not occur to the participants that the lava would be just as destructive and just as hot to the other village as it was to them, and that they were buying their protection on the basis that because they were superstitious in this particular that they were more nearly the favored petty things of this God in control of hot lava.' Needless to say, the hot lava did not change its course, for God, the God of the Universe, the God of the most remote star, and the God of every human heart, the God which is bigger than all creeds, bigger than all churches, bigger than all religions, does not stoop to being appeased by the mere technique of any religion whatever, and when people say that God is now punishing the world, or that God brought on the earthquake, or strikes down a leader, or God does this, my reply to them is this, my friend: **What kind of a God would he be?**

I have no hesitancy in saying, and I say it as reservedly and quietly as I can, that any God who would punish or give success, any God who would strike the innocent with the guilty, the well with the sick, any God who would leave a trail of havoc and chaos across the world in order to demonstrate his power—I do not want a God who is a circus God. I do not want a God who performs for the benefit of men! So when we come to this question 'Why doesn't God do something?' I'll tell you why, because God is helpless without you and the only time anything will be done about the condition of this world and the condition of human society, is when man gets busy and stops laying the trouble and difficulty all on to God. God is not doing this, and God did not do it. God hasn't had any help, that's the trouble with the present. We were so far away from the benign influence of God that we could not experience the radiance of God relationship, and we expressed ourselves in terms of selfishness, and we tried to build a civilization and a world on the basis of selfishness, and when it fell about us you have laid it on to God. God had no more to do with the California earthquake than I have. When are we to distinguish these most necessary individual distinctions that the universe, and what science is doing with the universe, is established in the realm of facts, but God works in the realm of values. Facts are very tangible things, they are the tools and the results of scientific technique, but the values arise when we take these facts and make them operative in human affairs on the basis of their deepest value.

Paul was right, everlastingly right, there is a temporal world and there is a spiritual world, and the things which are unseen are spiritual. That is the modern philosophical setting of values. The things which are seen are temporal, that is the modern setting of facts, and in between the values of life and these facts concerning life is to be found the broad highway that man must walk to bring God into relation-

ship with the human kind.

What is God? God is in every heart attempting to bring order out of confusion and symmetry out of chaos. Where is God? In that flower and in the gardens of the world. Where is God? In the heart of everyone who is helping to make the world a better place. Where is God? In the heart of the man or woman who says: 'Slums must go! Poverty, wars, hate must go! Love must come!' God is wherever love is, and God is in every heart trying to make the world finer and better!

That is my conception of God, and God will do something when you and I, so inspired by the perfect ideal of goodness, truth and beauty, make up our minds that we can be the mediums through which God can act. God is helpless without man, and man will wreck himself without God. God and man together can make this world the kingdom of good, and we had better be about the job."

(Extemperanously delivered.)

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Preston Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of February:

1—Address, Temple Isaiah
2—Annual Banquet, Peoples Church
3—Radio Address, WMAQ
5—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church
6—Address, The Woman's Club
6—Address, Laymen's League
8—Address, Syracuse University
8—Address, May Memorial Church, Syracuse, N. Y.
10—Radio Address, WMAQ
10—Radio Address, Round Table WMAQ
12—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church
13—Address, Junior Association Commerce
13—Board Meeting, Chicago Public Library
13—Board of Trustees, Peoples Church
15—Address, Washington Blvd., Temple
16—Address, Conservation Council
17—Radio Address, WMAQ
19—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church
21—Address, Trinity Church, Elkhardt, Ind.
22—Radio Address, WBBM
23—Address, Chicago Urban League
24—Radio Address, WMAQ
24—Radio Address, KYW
26—Two Sermons, The Peoples Church
27—Address, Memorial Hall
27—Meeting Board Chicago Public Library
28—Address, Oshkosh, Wis.

FUNERALS

4—Dr. Horatio Earle, Interment, Memorial Park
7—Charles L. Peters, Interment, Montrose
10—Walter G. Tilley, Interment, Rosehill
13—Archibald McCameron, Interment, Rosehill
15—Mrs. Marie Hildwein, Interment, Montrose
16—Mr. Thomas Byrnes, Interment, Rosehill
17—Leo Alexander, Interment, Graceland
18—Charles Theodore Gustafson, Interment, Rosehill
20—Mrs. Richard Lendy, Interment, Graceland
20—Mrs. Roger Linn, Interment, Graceland
22—Mrs. Clara Quirk, Interment, Forest Home
25—Alice Harris, Interment, Acacia Park.

WEDDINGS

1—Allen Grant Johnson and Ruth Nylund
4—Gage B. Waldren and Mildred Knickels
4—Frank L. Petru Jr. and Irma L. Kadic
10—Estol W. Stair and Victoria Warren

11—Sam N. Beery and
Marie L. Lothholz
14—Algot R. Jacobson and
Ethel Roberg
14—Herman Edwin Towle and
Jean Criswell Forkell
14—Jack Thomas and
Ann Knell
18—Charles Edward Wadsworth
and Mae Morgan

MARCH MADNESS

By Grace Thayer Bradley

Why is it, I wonder, that this third month of the year seems marked to receive the poets scorn? There's April — the coqueting month, all asparkle with showers and rainbows, smiles and soft breezes like girlish laughter. Browning's wistful line "Ah—to be in England—now that April's here!" leads one to believe April is the month for poets dreams—at least in England. Then there is "bonny May" — "the merry month of May" — "May baskets" and "May Queens"—that there is "nothing so rare as a day in June" goes quite undisputed, — but—"Mad as a March hare" and "The mad March days" make this month seem one of ill foreboding, when to the contrary it is one of mystery and miracle!

From November on I look forward to March. Does it not bring us the first day of Spring? That fact if nothing else should make March the month of joy! March wind comes blustering and whistling like a boisterous school boy to awaken the trees and bushes, making them stretch their arms and bend and twist, limbering up after the long winter sleep. A purple tint comes into the grey bark, and the shadows cast by bare branches take on a warmer depth. Then comes the March snow — clinging to every tree, bush and twig—winters last frolic; — the colorful pageant of autumn, — the delicate loveliness of spring, — the full bloom of summer—none of it rivals the beauty of the Fairyland that meets you gaze when some March morning you look from your window at a scene so wonderously beautiful it defies description. Every tree and tiniest twig has been turned into crystal, every snow heap is covered with diamonds, every post and fence and wood-pile in the most common-place back yard has been touched by a magic wand and become a thing of marvelous beauty!

Ah! then my heart sings, because I know that at this time Mother Nature awakens her family and decks them out in the frocks fashioned in February, — and when the sun shines warm and bright—not many days after the storm, melting the snow and ice, we will see in amazement, every branch holding wee swelling buds, that crept there under cover of the "sugar snow."

In New England they call this March storm "Sugar Snow" because as it clings to the maple trees the sap begins to creep upwards, and workers in the maple syrup camps get out the buckets and make ready to tap the trees. Then we suddenly notice an orange glow in the willows, and an early crocus here and there pushing up through the softening earth.

It is in the month of March that all gardeners whether they be humble cultivators of Nasturtiums and Petunias, or leading lights in the Garden Club—annually go "daft"! There I believe lies the madness of March! Gardeners are the original March Hares!

This madness is quite universal in its symptoms. The victim

dreams happy dreams and makes fine resolutions, and prowls about the damp chill garden looking for the first green tip of an early hyacinth peeping through. You will do some quite remarkable things with your garden this year, you tell yourself; you are going to try some new perennials and quite a few annuals you read about in the garden magazines. You resolve to go into the dewy garden very early of mornings and do the weeding and cultivating as it should be done. Members of your family find you, when dinner should be at least half way ready, and there is a snip of cake scorching in the oven, — sitting in the wing chair with a seed catalogue open in your lap, — your eyes staring at the lamp shade — and they know the spell is on — you are planning the garden, debating whether you will give this space — or that — to the Dahlia, Flowered Zinnias or Giant Imperial Larkspur — and if the coveted Salpiglossis might not be successful in the upper plot where the soil is richer—and you might transplant some of the Canterbury Bells — Ah — staring at the lamp shade you see your garden complete, a maze of color—masses of flowers that never bloomed anywhere except in a seed catalogue—but it is a lovely thing, "God wot" in your mad March dreams!

HERMITOCRACY

(Dedicated to Dr. Preston Bradley)

I'd like to live in a tumbledy shack
By the side of a talkative brook,
A rickety bench by the side of the door,
A saggedy chair and a tattered book.

A shack by a brook, the shade of a tree,
The cricket's song, the croak of a frog,
The chatter of birds, the droning of bees
And—yes, oh yes—a raggedy dog.

And along the brook a zigzaggy trail
Winding down from the tangled hills,
With a friendly "hello" from passers-by,
The hearty clasp of a hand that thrills.

With a tattered book and a smelly pipe,
A garrulous brook, a line and a rod,
That's where me and my raggedy pup—
Why we'd be next-door neighbors to God.

Tom Cannon.

DR. BRADLEY GETS A SURPRISE

Members of the Illinois Central family who had tuned in radio station WBBM, on January 7, to listen to Dr. Preston Bradley broadcast his regular Sunday morning sermon from the Peoples Church of Chicago, pricked up their ears in surprise and gratified interest when he launched into an eulogy of the men who work for this company and the attention they give to the traveling public. Dr. Bradley based his remarks on an incident of the preceding day when he was a passenger on the Louisiane, the crack train of the Illinois Central service between New Orleans and Chicago.

Dr. Bradley boarded the Louisiane at New Orleans on his way back from a trip to Florida. He had come to New Orleans from Tampa by boat. A casual trip through the train failed to reveal anyone he knew and, being so far from his usual haunts, it never occurred to him that anyone on the train would know him. He was recognized, however, the first time he went into the dining car. Steward John Simpson had at-

tended services in the Peoples Church, and Chef W. L. Clark for years had tuned in Dr. Bradley's broadcasts. He had several admirers among the waiters. It was determined in the dining car that some special attention would be in order when Dr. Bradley came in for his next meal.

When the train was in the vicinity of Grenada, Miss., Dr. Bradley came in for his dinner. He ordered a steak. As he passed the order to Chef Clark, the waiter, W. F. Love, told him who was ordering. Smiling in anticipation of Dr. Bradley's surprise, the chef filled his compression bag with a tasty baking compound and garnished the platter with the words "The Peoples Church of Chicago." He baked it, carefully adjusted it to the platter around the steak which was broiled as only Chef Clark knows how to broil it, and turned it over to the waiter. With a special flourish, Waiter Love placed the platter before the unsuspecting guest.

When he discovered the friendly little gesture of the dining car folks, Dr. Bradley was delighted to a point that more than compensated them for their effort. He shook hands all around and expressed his appreciation with something of the fevor that has made him one of the most popular pulpit orators of Chicago. In his regular Sunday service he broadcast the incident to his radio audience, which apparently contained many Illinois Central employes in view of the fact that no less than a dozen persons "tipped off the story" to this magazine the next day.

Ill. Central Magazine, Feb.

POSSESSING OUR SOULS

Our western world has taught us to take pride in our busy activities as contrasted with the quietude of oriental life. But destiny may at last set a question mark upon much of our hurry and bustle. Too often we find that what has engaged us has proved to be mere strenuous futility. And even at best our untidy haste often leaves our inner life quite unfurnished. Nature's calmness, especially the calmness and steadiness of the sky, has its lessons for our soul. Our little restless earth and our little breathless lives will take on dignity and deeper worth if we catch step with rhythmic movement of the quiet stars. It was because of this insatiable haste that Emerson queried of his fretting fellows, "Why so hot, little man, why so hot?" When therefore we learn how "in patience to possess our souls" then indeed have we taken the first step in fashioning a genuinely strong life.

—Argow.

SORROW

When fell Thy dreadful shadow and it seemed
That all was blackness, yet the silver gleamed
Beyond the clouds; and, in the vanished years,
That once were darkened with remembered tears,
I know these came to me at Thy commanding—
Kindness and Love and Understanding.

Reginald C. Eva.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

—Ruskin.

Drudgery . . . is very often due to a spiritual sluggishness and a consequent failure to discover the human aspects of one's job.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

LOST CHILDREN

We have a two-fold parentage, being born of a father and mother who gave us our bodies, the while we are children of Truth Goodness and Beauty from whom we have received the meaning and joy of life. How it breaks the hearts of parents when the child of their love, upon whom they have lavished unmeasured devotion, outrages this tender solicitude by degrading its body and mind! Yet how much more must it cause a sob in the heart of the Universe when those whose minds were born of high ideals, great enthusiasms and noble purposes profane themselves by becoming indifferent, careless, selfish, mercenary! Heaven knows no deeper sorrow and earth no greater tragedy than to see a man once willing to forsake all and follow truth, or once determined to enjoy nothing but the highest, come to the stage where the mediocre, the second rate and half-truths satisfy his soul! The tendency to spiritual prodigality is ever present in us. When the empty husks of complacency begin to pall on us, we need to return to our spiritual birthplace, and once again nourish our hearts and minds on high ideals, daring truths, radiant loves and commanding challenges. Only thus shall we find peace with the world, and inward approval of ourselves.

—Argow.

FRIENDLY OBSTACLES

For every hill I've had to climb,
For every stone that bruised my feet,
For all the blood and sweat and grime,
For blinding storms and burning heat,
My heart sings but a grateful song—
These were the things that made me strong!

For all the heartaches and the tears,
For all the anguish and the pain,
For gloomy days and fruitless years,
And for the hopes that lived in vain,
I do give thanks, for now I know
These were the things that helped me grow!

'Tis not the softer things of life
Which stimulate man's will to strive;
But bleak adversity and strife
Do most to keep man's will alive.
O'er rose-strewn paths the weaklings creep,
But brave hearts dare to climb the steep.

—L. E. Thayer in
"Our Church."

Not what may happen to myself today.
Concerns me as I fare upon my way.
But what shall happen each inquiring one
Who meets with me before the day is done—
That is the test."

CORRECTION

The poem called "Treasure" by Edman Chapman of Balchawan, Ont., published in November Liberalist has a foot note which should have read "First rights only."

BELIEVERS

There is no unbelief:
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by,
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field
of snow,
The silent harvest of the future
grow,
God's power must know.

The heart that looks on when the
eyelids close,
And dares to live his life in spite
of woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief:
And day by day, and night, un-
consciously,
The heart lives by the faith the
lips deny;
God knoweth why.

—Tyndall.

Galileo looked at the moon and dreamed of how he might reach it. The telescope was the fruition of the dream.

Watt dreamed of what might be done with steam — and our great locomotives and engines of today are the result.

Franklin dreamed of harnessing the lightning—and today we have man-made thunderbolts.

Initiative, plus imagination, will take us anywhere. Imagination opens the mind and initiative is the propelling power. Let's start something!

Allow no shadow of envy to mar the sunshine of a friend's success.

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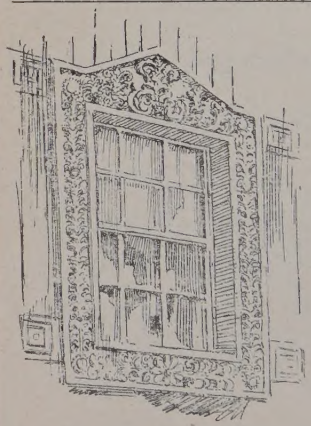

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